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The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

SPRING

Oscar Williams

The bird that flies to climates crisper
Over its feathers wears feathers of sound
Protecting itself in a coat of whisper
Against the silence that stones the ground.

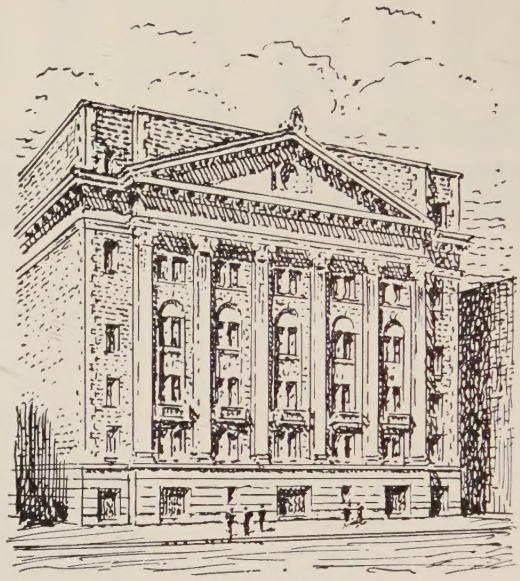
In the long miles between song and hearer
Where the distance's bones lie disinterred
I now overhear as the wings come nearer
The whispers of God instructing the bird,

And see Him put out the branch of a finger
Where the bird sits down and begins its cheers;
The buds push out to look at the singer,
The blades of grass stand up all ears.

O truly now, it is gayer and warmer,
Tomorrow's the only dark bush on the land
And full of its doubts, but God the performer
Is walking about with the bird in His hand.

(From "A Little Treasury of American Poetry" edited by Oscar Williams)

DEPT YAM



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVII **May, 1950** *Number 2*

"YOUR MOTHER AND MINE"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
"A Mother's Day Sermon"

THIS Mother's Day service is always one of the most beautiful services which we have in The Peoples Church during the entire Church year. I always look forward to its beauty, to its music, and to its significance, but I never look forward to the sermon; it is the most difficult sermon which I have to preach during the entire year. That may sound somewhat strange, if not paradoxical, to many of you, but I am quite sure, if you think a little further, you will see why it is so difficult for me.

It is difficult for many reasons, but in spite of all of the sociological implications which are increasingly involved in the stability and permanency of the American home as a foundation of every decency in civilization, and in spite of what is happening to that home and what is perfectly obvious to all thoughtful observers who look out upon the modern scene of American home life, in spite of the full implications of the moral and ethical import associated with the home, and with the higher unities which keep the home together; in spite of all the philosophizing about a Mother's Day and Mother Love; in spite of all these things, I find it impossible for me to separate from this occasion or from this day the little intimate personal things which were a part of my life as a child. That is why it becomes difficult for me to speak without a sense of an overpowering emotion and a great and permanent and ever increasing obligation which I feel to my mother.

You cannot disassociate motherhood from childhood, and whenever one thinks about their mother, I don't think we think about it in the maturity of the evolving years, as grown men and women. I don't think we think about it in the light of all the philosophical and sociological and economic backgrounds which affect the home as an institution. I think most of us think about mother in a pretty intimate, personal way, as something that belongs so exclusively to our own inner love that it is almost profane to talk about it in a public affair such as a church service. On Mother's Day I cannot become too involved or concerned about the larger aspect of the institution of the home, and I am not interested in all the sociological ramifications incorporated in that institu-

tion. I cannot help but think just about a little mother, and here one has to be very careful to distinguish between sentiment and sentimentality. I don't want to be merely sentimental about it, or to think of it as one aspect of a superficial and transitory sentimentality. I like to think of it as something of a deep and permanent nature.

There is a vast difference between true sentiment and sentimentality and I feel very sorry for the individuals who have become hardened and cynical with their experiences of life and so deadened under its blows that their hearts cannot leap with a certain amount of indescribable beauty when they think about their mother. I am sorry for any person who has permitted the years, no matter how many, whether they have been years of success or of failure, of triumph or disaster—I feel sorry for you if you have obliterated from the little inner sacredness of your own precious memories, the beauty and joy of a lovely mother. It is a holy sentiment. It has very little to do with externals, it belongs in that inner realm of one's deepest consciousness in a way that can hardly be made articulate or expressed even on Mother's Day.

I look across the years, many, many of them, to my own mother, just as I am sure that every person in this Church in this great congregation this morning, and every person listening to me now on the air, is thinking first of all, and probably last of all on this day, of their own mothers. Of course there are those who lost a mother so early and never had a substitute for that mother in the form of another's motherlike love. There are those who knew only institutions in childhood and who were brought up in the atmosphere of institutionalism. There are those who have justly a pang of bitterness that might almost deepen into a hatred because of a mother who failed them; and there are those on Mother's Day whose memory of a mother is a haunting memory and one they would rather forget—for there have been such mothers too. It is one of the inexplicable actions of an abnormal mother that under the imperative of position or security, or the fulfillment and saturation of lust, she can turn upon her own child, upon her own household, upon her own husband—there have been such mothers; there will be such mothers again, and so there are little children who grow up into life's maturity and life's challenge with none of the beautiful memories of a lovely mother. I can think of no greater disaster to a child than that. I could, if I wanted to, inject just here in this sermon illustrations of what happens to the child who comes out of such environment, it would be perfectly obvious. Such mothers, by their own conduct and in their own selfishness, and in their attitude, have turned upon the holiest gift God ever gave, the gift of creation. Every woman is a potential mother, and to be a part of the creative process of the development of life is a responsibility the extent of which can never be fathomed. It is infinitely a greater responsibility to be a woman than it is to be a man, and every time I hear a woman say "I have a right to do anything a man does" I wonder, I wonder if she has a true conception of being a woman, for there never was a true man I ever met who would not rather look up to a woman than look at her, and whenever a woman develops a philosophy and attitude that she is on the level of a man, and that in the realm of morality, or in any other activity of life, she has a right to be like a man, she is not thinking clearly for she does not have that right! Her right is to be more than a man! She

has been designed by the creative process of life to carry under her heart, for a longer time than in any other birth process in all Nature, a new soul, and for a longer time than in any other species of life in the whole world of life, a woman and her child are together in that divine unity of mother and child, until the child leaves the darkened warmth for the light of life. The sacredness of motherhood is the most divine thing in the world, and therefore one is fortunate—and I am among those who are fortunate—on Mother's Day, to be able to look back upon a great mother, an incomparable mother. There is only one greater, more wonderful mother in the world than mine, and that is your mother.

I wish I could say something in the sacredness and solemnity of this moment that would be a compensation in some way if you have missed the love of a mother. If I ever coveted any ability in this pulpit or the capacity of utterance in anything I ever said, it would be to enter the heart of some young man or woman listening at this very moment whose life has been twisted into chaotic tragedy and whose inner sensitiveness has had to battle away against tremendous psychological odds because of their mother. Something happened in her soul and the thing that happened has touched your soul until it is not an idle platitude nor a bromidic expression to say that every great life, every integrated, beautiful life, among just the ordinary people of the world, just the people who live in their little radius and live out their little life span with beauty and with goodness and with simplicity, every such life has had the influence of a great mother, and you will find that truth reflected in the efforts of great men and great women to express their appreciation for a great mother.

And so, with a little self-examination today on this Mother's Day, I am thinking of a question that was suggested to my mind by reading a very interesting and illuminating little article quite recently—I don't know the source of it, but the writer had a peculiar insight into the influence of a mother, and the article was headed "Nancy Hanks Asks Some Questions." Who was Nancy Hanks? You know, of course, who she was; she was the real mother of Abraham Lincoln. Nancy Hanks was lying upon a mattress filled with straw, and that straw mattress rested on a dirt floor in a little log cabin that only had one window in it and one door, down in LaRue County, Kentucky. One morning, after the travail and the pain, a baby's cry went through that little one-room cabin. Thomas Lincoln came in, picked up that little baby, held it for a moment and put it back into the arms of Nancy Hanks. Those first few years, and they were very few, were lovely years for that baby. There was poverty, of course, but who is afraid of poverty? There was sacrifice, of course, there were many, many troublesome days, but there were woods and a stream and birds, there were long nights before the fire with that father and mother. There was all the simplicity of the ruggedness of a pioneer. Nancy Hanks was not to have that little baby long in life, for he was very young, very small, when Nancy Hanks died, and so the years passed, relentless time went on its way, and one day from the habiliments of the eternal, from the heavenly home of Nancy Hanks, she said: "How does it go with my Abe? Tell me, did Abe get his pair of new shoes he wanted? Tell me, did he get that little suit? Tell me, was Abe able to go to school? I could not teach him very much. Tell me, has Abe become a good man? Tell me, what happened to my boy Abe, I would like to know."

Nancy Hanks asking questions.

I am thinking in this moment of another mother—my mother. Perhaps you are thinking of one too. I never saw her grow into the beauty of age. She left us thirty-seven years ago, my mother did. She was young, young and beautiful. I can see across those thirty-seven years this morning her black, beautiful hair, her expressive, scintillating eyes, the lovely spirit of her, the restlessness, the dreams, the hopes—I can see her as she met a great sorrow and a great tragedy, for my own early youth was obscured and embittered not only by the tragedy of poverty, but what is still worse, in the early days of my boyhood, I remember with a depth of love in my heart, the heroism of my mother. I shall never forget one day, when myself and my sister, three years my junior, were in our humble little home, and my father came home from his blacksmith shop intoxicated, reeling up the sidewalk with the other little children of the village laughing at him, laughing at a drunken father! O, you fathers and mothers, don't scar the sensitive plate of the child by the horrible tragedy of other children laughing at you! That day stands as vividly in my memory as though it were yesterday. My father came reeling up the front walk of our little home, my mother put her arms around myself and my little sister, saying: "Children, I think you had better run out in the backyard and play. Run along now," trying to spare us a part of the agony that was taking place in her own heart. Father came in, went out to the wood pile back of our kitchen, picked up an armful of wood, my sister and I hardly old enough to realize the tragedy, and went into the kitchen. As he entered the kitchen he fell and the armful of wood was scattered all over the kitchen floor. I laughed at him, I thought it was funny; my little sister laughed, she thought it was funny, but mother did not laugh; mother wept. By a strange touch of God's hand my father turned to us; he had heard our laughter at him; he went out of that room and in a few moments he came back, took me up in his arms, picked up my little sister, kissed us both, put his arms around my mother and said to her, "My dear, I shall never touch another drop of liquor; never, as long as I live!" He went down the steps, down that front walk, and we never saw him again for six long weeks; we never even heard of him. We would have been seriously in need of food if it had not been for the kindness of neighbors and friends. I would wonder where father was, and I would look into the face of my mother, and my little sister would say, "Mother, where is Dad?" Mother was silent at first, then she said: "He will come back. Love will bring him back." Then one day six weeks later, I looked out the window and there, walking up that front walk, tall, straight, wearing a very decent suit of clothes, a very good looking hat, came my father. He walked into the house, put his arms around us—the joy of my mother was so great she could hardly speak—and he turned to us and said, "It was my last drink; I am healed. Never again!" And it was. That little mother, just a little while later, left us. So young, so beautiful, so great. The day I walked into this pulpit for the first time in this new Church when we dedicated this building, you will never know the feeling I had. Some of you were here, some of you sat in these same seats you are seated in now. I was thinking of mother that day and I was remembering, too, that night after my graduation from High school on that June evening when we sat down on the porch of our little home, and my father put his hand upon my shoulder and said, "Well, my

boy, we made it, we made it! Now what do you want to do?" I said, "Dad, I would like to go to college." I wanted to be a preacher. I don't remember the time when I did not want to preach, so I said to Dad, "I want to be a preacher," and Dad said, "Perhaps we can make it; we'll try," and that Sunday when I stood in this pulpit, in 1926, on the 15th day of October, and arose to preach a sermon, the first one in this Church—I don't know what I was saying, I wanted to preach a good sermon—but I looked down in our seats there, and there sat my father. Mother was sleeping in the little cemetery at home: yet she was here too . . . and there sat my father. I don't know what words I said, but I know what I was saying with my heart. I looked at him and I wanted to cry out to the world, shout it to the housetops, let the radio take it everywhere, I wanted to say to my father, "Dad, we made it! We made it!" And I wanted to answer any questions mother might be asking.

That's what I mean by Mother's Day, young man. "How goes it with my boy? Is everything all right with him? Is he going to make good with life? Is he going to help lift the burdens and heal the wounds? How goes it with my boy?" That is what the mothers gone and the mothers present are asking on Mother's Day.

O Mothers of the Human Race

O Mothers of the Human Race,
  Who, in the birthing of our breath,
The uttermost of suffering face,
  And touch the very hem of death,
Will you not mother all mankind
Into one all-maternal mind?

O Mothers of the Human Race,
  Whose milk is universal bread,
As all-sustaining as the grace
  Of the heart's universal red,
Will you not feed us with the food
Of love for all the human brood?

O Mothers of the Human Race,
  Protectors of our infant years,
Who wooed us to our first embrace,
  And taught us laughter out of tears,
Teach us the gesture and the glee
Of the world-love that is to be.

—Robert Whitaker

(From "Poems for the Great Days" Clark and Clark)

EASTER WAS TRIUMPHANT

More than five thousand people attended the services of The Peoples Church of Chicago on Easter Sunday, in spite of a day of rain and sleet.

In the afternoon Dr. Bradley received a class of sixty new members and christened thirteen children and five adults.

Dr. Bradley preached fourteen times during Holy Week. It was the finest and most encouraging series of Holy Week services ever held in the Erlanger Theatre in all the twenty-four years during which Dr. Bradley has preached the Civic Lenten services in the loop. The attendance exceeded all expectations.

All in all, this was the finest Lenten Season in the church.

Great appreciation was expressed for the beauty and inspiration of the music presented by Mr. LeRoy Wetzel, Organist and Director of Music of the Church, the Peoples Church Quartet and the Choir. The music furnished a beautiful and appropriate setting for the high inspiration of Dr. Bradley's services.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.
Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 a.m.
Sunday Evening Service—(From November to Easter)..... 7:30 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures by Dr. Bradley..... 8:00 p.m.
(From November to Easter)
Woman's Club—May 8, Edgewater Beach Hotel..... 1:00 p.m.
Professional and Business Woman's Club, May 9, Anderson Hall.... 8:00 p.m.
Men's Club (fourth Monday of each month) May 15, Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.
The Uptown Players—Studios, 1149 N. LaSalle St., MIchigan 2-3105
Drama Teas, 1st Sunday of the month, Anderson Hall..... 4:00 p.m.
Auditions, 1149 N. LaSalle St., 3rd Sunday..... 3:00 p.m.
Plays, three performances each month at
Eleventh Street Theatre, 62 E. 11th St.
Evenings—8:30 Sunday Matinee, 3:00 p.m.
Channing Club (young people of High School age)
1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, Bradley Hall..... 8:00 p.m.
Choir Rehearsals—Every Friday night in Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.
Usher's Club—1st Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.
Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night, Anderson Hall.... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday afternoon.. 3:00 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Monday afternoon..... 8:00 p.m.
Senior Scout Troop No. 224, every Thursday night, Bradley Hall.. 7:00 p.m.
Boy Scouts—Cub Pack No. 3864 4th Friday each month, Anderson Hall ..... 7:30 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB

A Letter from the President

Dear Fellow Members and Friends of the Club:

The Men's Club has enjoyed excellent attendance at every monthly meeting, and I want to thank all those who have aided in making my two years as President such a success by their attendance.

The May meeting to be held on Monday, May the 15th, will be the last for this season, and my last meeting as President. I have enjoyed every minute of my service.

On this occasion we will be honored by having Dr. Preston Bradley as our guest speaker. We are planning a big evening for the members and their gentlemen friends. Plan to attend, because the Doctor will have something special to tell us about his visit to The United Nations and Washington.

Sincerely,

Lou Hangel.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS MAY PRODUCTION

Thursday, May 11th, will be opening night for the May production of the Uptown Players, at the Eleventh Street Theatre, 62 E. 11th St. The play will be "The Heiress," starring Ina Claire Brickett and Geoffrey Lardner.

The play will be given Thursday, May 11th; Saturday evening, May 13th, and Sunday afternoon at 3, May 14th. The evening performances are at 8:30. Tickets Thursday evening and Sunday afternoon are $1.50 and on Saturday evening are $1.80, including tax.

CHANNING CLUB

On May 2nd, at 8 p.m., in Bradley Hall, the Channing Club, for young people of high school age, will meet to discuss the possibility of holding a roller skating party. After the discussion there will be dancing and refreshments.

WOMAN'S CLUB

The Spring Luncheon of the Woman's Club, always a lovely festive occasion, will be held at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, Monday, May 8th, at 12:30. Dr. Bradley will be guest speaker and the guest artists will be announced later. Reservations may be made at the church office, by phoning LOngbeach 1-6878.

The Ways and Means Committee of the Woman's Club is planning a Rummage Sale to be held from 9:00 a.m. until 3:30 p.m., at 2825 Lincoln avenue, on Tuesday, May 23rd.

Arrangements have been made to pick up any donations of clean clothing in good repair or any salable article.

Housecleaning time is an excellent time to remember this Rummage Sale and call LOngbeach 1-6878 to have your donations picked up.

The club can be very proud of the success of their Spring Concert by the Chicago Boys' Clubs chorus on Sunday evening, April 16th, which featured the Boys Glee Club, the Cosmopolitan School Symphony Orchestra and several soloists. The concert was excellent, under the direction of Mr. Ramon Girvin, and they drew a very large and enthusiastic audience.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Spring Dinner

The Business Women will hold their Annual Spring Dinner this year Tuesday, May 9th, at "The Ivanhoe" Restaurant at Clark and Wellington Streets. Reservations should be made as early as possible with the church office, LOngbeach 1-6878. Friends of the club members and those who would like to become better acquainted with the club are welcome.

FAMILY DINNER

Every year the Church Sunday School sponsors a church family dinner. The date of the dinner this year is Friday, May 19, in Anderson Hall of the church. This dinner is always worth eating and the entertainment worth hearing and seeing. A good opportunity for the church membership as a whole to see how our church school is growing. Phone church office, LOngbeach 1-6878 for reservations.

DR. BRADLEY RETURNS TO TELEVISION

Every Sunday evening at 6:45 Dr. Bradley may be heard over WGN-TV.

He is still on the air over WGN every weekday evening at 10.

The Sunday Morning Church Service is broadcast from 11 to 12:30 by WJJD.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

AS a prelude and an off-set to the headlines and propaganda which seem to increase steadily the state of jitters in the world, I want always to be as fortifying, helpful and quieting as I can be. We are all familiar with something we call competition. We know quite thoroughly what the word means and how we apply it in our day by day living. We know that the competitive instinct is one of the greatest inspirations to better work. As each of us goes about his daily task and recognizes that there are others in the same field, the competition has a tendency to make us do our own work better. This is the usually accepted idea of competition and there is nothing the matter with it. Many a person would turn out a failure if there were nothing which he had to overcome, nothing which he had to buckle down and fight for. But sometimes I wonder if, in our struggling too hard we do not miss the very thing we most desire. We make too much effort, we struggle too hard, and perhaps our objective eludes us completely.

For many years a crabbed old woman made life miserable for herself and everyone around her. She was an exception, I grant, for some of the loveliest and the most beautiful characters I know have been touched by the snows of the years; but this old lady was always complaining, always fault-finding, always disagreeable, always objectionable, until those nearest to her were almost beside themselves as to what to do about it. Finally, one who studied the situation and became familiar with her personality and her attitude toward things, and how miserable and unhappy and wretched she was, discovered the cause of the situation. The unhappy old lady was haunted by a vague idea that the people around her had a contentment and a happiness which she was denied. Her own unhappiness was created in virtual jealousy over the happiness of those about her. She couldn't understand why they could be happy and contented, and both those qualities be denied her. She rebuffed those who tried to help her or contribute to her

happiness. She put them off. She would have none of it, until they were frustrated at every turn and finally gave up.

It is a difficult situation when people around a personality who try to make that person happy and to do something for them to make life easier and better are constantly rebuffed and denied the privilege. That is most discouraging. The harder this lady fought for contentment within herself, the further away it seemed to be. For a long time this situation went on and finally it grew worse. Then suddenly a complete change came over her with a suddenness that was almost startling. Little things which heretofore had always irritated her beyond reason were now dismissed with a smile. When a sudden change like that takes place in a personality near you, you wonder what could have happened. What could change a person's point of view so radically and quickly? At first the family around her couldn't believe it. Her new attitude toward life was, to her long-suffering family like a mirage to a weary desert traveler. It would be wonderful if it were only real. They were mystified and couldn't believe such a change possible. Here was one who had always been jealous of another's happiness, and who had made herself miserable by constantly thinking how happy someone else was, and who was everlastingly asking herself the question, "Why can't *I* have happiness and contentment?" Well, with this experience there was no mirage. It proved to be real. The change had actually taken place. And one day someone just couldn't stand the uncertainty any longer, so they said to her, "What has happened to you? Why, there has been a complete change in your personality. You were always irritable and critical, unhappy, miserable, and you made everyone around you feel the same way, and now it all seems to be different. What happened?"

The old lady replied, and I think it is one of the most illuminating things I have ever heard: "I don't know; but all my life I have been a-straining and a-struggling to have a contented mind like other folks. Finally I decided to settle down and be contented without one." There you have it. In other words, she was to find her contentment in being contented without contentment, and if that sounds paradoxical, remember that every paradox is only a truth below the surface of what appears to be untrue. It is like a person who can't get to sleep at night, who, instead of worrying about it and quarreling with himself because he can't go to sleep, just simply resigns himself to the fact, and remembers that two hours of wakefulness stretched out on one's back in bed is equivalent to one hour of solid sleep. Just being resigned and saying, "What does it matter whether I go to sleep or not," will often put you to sleep.

Long ago a French philosopher put the same problem in this way: "If one only wished to be happy it could readily be accomplished; but we wish to be happier than other people, and that is almost always too difficult, for we believe others to be happier than they are."

You see, so many of us are always looking at someone else, envious of them, wondering why we cannot be like them or be as happy as they are or as successful or as wise, or have as many friends, and all the time we take that attitude, we are interfering with and preventing our own peace of mind. The most contented people I know, with the finest amount of poise, and emanating the very spirit of self-possession, are the people who have eliminated envy and jealousy of others, have tried to develop their own inner

lives along the lines of adjustment and never permit their own personalities to be disturbed by external influences. Interestingly enough, there are many times in life when, by giving up the critical, antagonistic attitude, the battle itself is over and won!

I am reminded of a true story a friend of mine was telling the other day, a story of an old pioneer couple he had met out west in his youth. They were early settlers and most of the homesteads for miles around were owned by near or distant relatives of theirs. The old gentleman loved to sit and puff at an old corncob pipe and reminisce when he and his wife would go visiting, and the old gentleman's memory was not as good as it might be, so occasionally he would get stuck in the middle of a story. The wife, who had heard the stories over and over and knew them all by heart, never would interrupt to help finish them, or give her version. In perfect contentment, she would sit and rock and merely say, "Puff, Paw, puff," and wait for Paw to finish his story in his own way, when the puffing had seemed to clear his memory.

LOVE OR DUTY

YOU may recall that our lamented and much loved Will Rogers once said: "I never met a person I did not like." And Charles Lamb, one of the most brilliant of all our essayists remarked: "I don't know him; I have never met him; that's the reason I don't like him, for if I did know him, I should probably like him." Now, then, what about this deadly, destroying venom of hate? Can anything be done about it? I don't know anyone who can shed a better light to illumine the dark places of our hearts in this hour than He who said: "I am the light of the world." We have all seen the growth of modern tyrants, and we have seen the rivers of blood flow out to meet the ocean of men's agonies. We have seen the god of Mars as he worked to make men hate. It is so easy to fan the flame of hatred. But in the midst of all this, there is another voice; "Love your enemies; do good to them that despitefully use you." Let us stop being prisoners of the literal, and let us find the spirit of reality, in our endeavor to acquire a bigness of soul, a largeness of intellect and a comprehensiveness of spirit.

Why should a great nation—a nation whose potentiality has been demonstrated without question—a nation that has never known one hour of the agony of starvation—that proved it could make 5,000 airplanes in a month, whose industrial capacity and executive leadership in business could work out into astronomical figures of achievement, why should it not have found a way to build homes for its soldiers? Shall we find ourselves whipped in the dust while men try to make of us a political football in the world of international relations? And while other men cry—"There's a third war in the making?" Would that I might speak to the whole 140 millions of us, black and white, Catholic, Protestants, Jews and Gentiles! Would that this America of ours, now so strong, so powerful, so beautiful, would do what she has won the right to do! Lead the world! Lead the world as we have never led it! Let the voice of America be heard as it has never been heard in the past. "Love

your enemies; do good to them that despitefully use you!" It does work! One Herbert Hoover to feed the millions of Europe, to restore the Christ-like attitude of LOVE, is worth a thousand voices making alliances of power to wreck the world again!

For there is no way to overcome hate but by love! R. Piety tells us:

God gave the world to me,
And I rebelliously
  Cried out, "How small!
  And is this all?"
His words were sad, yet mild:
"All that you love my child."

Myself that moment died,
And born anew, I cried:
  "Love, take control
  And lead my soul
To serve my small estate;"
And lo, my world is great!

The word "love" is a much stronger word than "duty." You know, we have built a whole system of relationships on the basis of "Our duty." We have said, "If we do as we want to be done by, we have done our duty and it is sufficient." And we have developed an over-simplification of our responsibility. Broken humanity, a broken life, a saddened heart, a worried father, a disappointed mother, a disillusioned, frustrated, chaotic adolescent trying to find anchorage amid all the enthusiasms of youth—and we have a duty!

My father was just a humble workman in the world, pounding iron. In our village we had a little white church, and the minister of the church was very poor and the people in it were poor. The minister had six or seven boys who graduated in height like the steps of a ladder, one just a little taller than the next one. And my father, who was the village blacksmith of that town, would shoe the minister's horse. One evening as we had finished supper—that was when supper was at 6 o'clock and dinner was at noon—we suddenly missed father from the table. Pretty soon mother heard a noise at the back door—and when mother heard a noise she usually attended to it. She opened the door and caught father coming up the cellar stairs with a bag of potatoes on his back. She said, "Bob, where are you going?" "Well, I'll tell you, Pet," (he always called my mother "Pet") —"the preacher was in to get his horse shod this afternoon and when he started to pay me and opened up his pocketbook there wasn't much there. I asked him how things were getting along and he said, 'Well, Mr. Bradley, it's a little hard these days—there are so many mouths to feed at my house.' So I told him to close up his pocketbook; and I thought maybe a few potatoes might help him out." Then Mother said, "So you're going to give him a bushel of potatoes." "Certainly," said my father, "And you know, Pet, I thought I'd wait until dark so nobody would see me do it." Yes, duty may be well and good, but it's the second mile that love prompts one to go with a friend that counts. The little extra touch of life—the little extra overflow of love and affection—the little going beyond duty—the extra, the plus—the spiritual surplus. It may be only a kind word of cheer or comfort or encouragement at the right moment—the little thoughtful act—a kindness beyond a sense of duty—he asked me to go with him one mile, but I'll go with him another mile. That's the mile that counts so much!

One time someone asked Rabindranath Tagore, "What is God?" and Tagore replied, "When I was a little lad, I asked my father, and my father said, 'Come with me into the jungle,' and he showed me the earth, the smell of the earth, and he said to me, 'That is

God. Stand with me in the dawn, just in that elusive, mystic moment when it is neither dark nor light, but melody, beauty—stand and see the light blend! —That is God! Come with me to the woods: listen, listen to the birds; music —music—music—that is God. My boy, God is in everything that is beautiful, everything that is Good, everything that is kind.' "

Let us forget for the moment the fine distinctions of theology, burdened creeds, and discussions of metaphysics: I have known sunlight—and moonlight —the heart of a friend—the heave and sigh of the sea—I have seen the granite peaks of mountains part the sky, and lift my soul, as they were lifted up. For the moment forget the cold phrases of men; for God is in all that lives and loves and liberates! So let us love more and hate less. Let us see the good, the true, the beautiful in this world—let us look for those qualities in our brother man. Let us have a new conception of brotherhood in the world—and the place to begin is in the little part of our world which we individually occupy. None of us asked to be brought here; none of us specified our color, our creed or our race. We found ourselves here—products of love; let us make this earth a good place for us all to live in—to work in—and build the house of Peace.

I do not know who penned these lines:

"If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him! Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so! Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
All enriching as you go—
Leave them! Trust the Harvest-Giver;
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until the happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend."

DR. BRADLEY PREACHES IN NEW YORK CITY

Said Dr. Bradley Sunday morning, April 23rd: "One week ago this morning I was standing in the pulpit of The Community Church of New York City, preaching for my dear friends, Dr. John Haynes Holmes and the Reverend Donald Harrington. I assure our own church and this beloved pulpit which I love, that while my body was in New York and in the Community Church, my heart was in the Peoples Church here.

I am very seldom out of this pulpit on Sunday mornings and in all the many, many years which we have been together, I have prided myself on the constancy of my remaining in my own pulpit, and it was impossible for me to stand in the pulpit of that church last Sunday without thinking of you, and I was very happy when I returned to Chicago late Friday evening, to learn of the splendid service which you had and the great reception which you gave to Dr. Albert J. McCartney and also the next evening, to Dr. Daniel A. Poling. It gladdened my heart very deeply and I should like each member of the congregation to know that I appreciated your presence here and the en-

couragement which it was to Dr. McCartney to preach here in this pulpit.

"I didn't realize that there were so many people who at some time or other had been in Chicago and had heard me preach, who now live in New York. Why they do, I don't know, but I was amazed after the service—the church was packed—and I was amazed after the service, as I stood in front of the chancel with Dr. Holmes and greeted the people, at the number of people there who were formerly from Chicago, and many of them had attended our church here, and I found there were three couples among them whom I had married, so that it was in one sense, a sort of miniature Peoples Church for a little while after the service there in New York.

"In the very front row, as I rose in the pulpit to preach, I saw two members of our church, the oldest members we have, and they have been living in New York quite some time. A strong nostalgic feeling swept over me when I looked into their faces, for, more than 25 years ago I had been in their home, and they have been constantly devoted to this church all these years, although they are now residents in New York City. I hadn't realized that the ties were quite as tight as I found them to be."

THE IMMORTAL HOPE

HENRY HALLAM SAUNDERSON

Within the fellowship of the Christian Church, there are people who hold the most widely divergent views on the subject of personal immortality. These views range all the way from frank negation to the most ardent affirmation. As a doctrine of the Church, this faith has shown great vigor and vitality, for it has not only traveled through the centuries to the present time, but has carried the heavy burden of the belief that the human body must be raised from the dead. Happily there are multitudes of Christian people today in whose minds this physical load is definitely laid aside, and the faith in immortality is allowed to spread its wings with its full vigor.

Whatever people believe today about immortality, we should recognize the historical fact that it was a highly essential part of the faith with which the early Church confronted the world. Everything that the messengers of the Church knew about the life of Jesus, and his ardent championship of humanity, was preached; but their major topic was the story of the immortal spirit of the Master, and their conviction that he lived eternally. And, in the light of that faith, they asserted immortality for those who kept valiantly the faith of Jesus.

Instead of this emphasis on a future world making them heedless of this present world and human life within it, it had the opposite effect. One, who observed widely the life and faith of the early Christians, saw in it a tremendous moral dynamic. He said, "Everyone who has this hope in him purifieth himself." It exalted greatly their appreciation of that sense of human values which Jesus had preached; and it impelled them to heroic deeds in building a new social order in the nations of that changing time.

Today, men who differ widely in their views on this subject may find themselves in agreement on a new assertion of the faith of Jesus in the worth of human personality. That emphasis may prove the lifting power which brings us to that higher life where we are free from all the dread of death, and where we dare greatly to believe that human life may be deathless in its quality; and therefore endless in its duration.

(From "Our Faith," April, 1950)

EVENTS

Dr. Preston Bradley, minister of the People's Church, Chicago, will be the speaker at the Unitarian Christian Fellowship's Anniversary Week supper on Wednesday, May 24, at Arlington Street Church, Boston.

Dr. George H. Williams delivered the last of his weekly Lowell Institute lectures at King's Chapel, Boston, on Monday afternoon, April 3, at 2:30, when his subject was "Denominations and Democracy."

Dr. Herbert H. Farmer, professor of divinity in the University of Cambridge, is concurrently delivering the Gifford lectures at Glasgow. His general subject is, "Incarnation and Religion: A Theological Study of Religious Types."

(From "Our Faith," April, 1950)

BE A FRIEND

EDGAR A. GUEST

Be a friend. You don't need money—
Just a disposition sunny,
Just the wish to help another
Get along some way or other;
Just a kindly hand extended
Out to one who's unbefriended;
Just the will to give or lend—
This will make you someone's friend.

Be a friend. You don't need glory;
Friendship is a simple story.
Pass by trifling errors blindly,
Gaze on honest effort kindly,
Cheer the youth who's bravely trying,
Pity him who's sadly sighing;
Just a little labor spend
On the duties of a friend.

Be a friend. The pay is bigger
(Though not written by a figure)
Than is earned by people clever
In what's merely self-endeavor.
You'll have friends instead of neighbors
For the profits of your labors;
You'll be richer in the end
Than a prince, if you're a friend.

BOOK CHATS

POETRY I LOVE

I GIVE addresses for many organizations, groups and audiences, and often someone will come up to me and ask if I will not sometime give a broadcast on poetry or more especially asking if I will not tell my listeners where I get the various poems which I use as closing thoughts for the broadcast. Of course there are innumerable sources, and yet I think you might be interested in a group of anthologies from which I have probably selected more poems than from any others.

My friend, Thomas Curtis Clark, of Chicago, is not only a poet himself, but he has compiled a great many anthologies of poetry under many classifications. One very complete anthology of Mr. Clark's is comprised of two volumes which were first published as two separate books: This anthology is called "1000 Quotable Poems." It is dedicated "To the Poets, Torchbearers of Faith Across the Centuries." This collection truly does include poets across the centuries. At the end of each volume there is a very excellent and complete index, under Subjects, under Authors, under Titles and under First Lines. I can think of no more satisfactory book of poems applicable to my own particular type of service than this volume, or two volumes in one, "1000 Quotable Poems." To me, a book that gives variety of subject and in-

terest and style is always an attractive book for the library table, and thus we find here such homey poems as this by an unknown author:

MYSELF

I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know;
Always to look myself straight in the eye,
I don't want to stand with the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I've done.
I want to go out with my head erect;
I want to deserve all men's respect;
But here in the struggle for fame and pelf
I want to be able to like myself.
I don't want to look at myself and know
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.
I never can fool myself, and so
Whatever happens I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience-free.

Then I turn a few pages and find this lovely little poem by Thomas Curtis Clark himself:

THE TRUE NEED

I do not wish to see my sins more plain,
But this: to know Thy life, without a stain.

I would not see the vileness of my heart,
But this would know; how pure and true
Thou art.

I would forget my paltry life, so small,
And know Thy greatness, Thou, my All in
All.

Oh! teach me not how deep my spirit's night,
But flood me with Thy beams, Thou Perfect
Light!

I turn to poems of John Oxenham, to those of Shakespeare, Scott, Tennyson, Goethe, Markham, Sandburg, Santayana, and hundreds more, a truly precious book of poems.

Another compilation of Mr. Clark's he has called "Poems of Justice." The book is dedicated to Walter Rauschenbusch, with a foreword by Zona Gale. It is in four parts: "Panorama of the Poor;" "The March of Revolt;" "Brothers All;" and "Dreams and Goals." Under this fourth heading of Dreams and Goals I turn to Angela Morgan's "Song of the New World," of which you may remember this first stanza:

I sing a song of a new dawn waking,
A new wind shaking the children of men.
I say the hearts that are nigh to breaking
Shall leap with gladness and live again.
Over the woe of the world appalling,
Wild and sweet as a bugle cry,
Sudden I hear a new voice calling—
"Beauty is nigh!"

Then I have a little volume entirely of Mr. Clark's own poems, which he calls "Love Off to the War," so named from one of the poems which is the soliloquy of a soldier leaving for war. This book too, is divided into several divisions—In Friendly Town—Songs of Seasons—Romance—Followers of the Gleam, where I find this short poem:

FAME

Amid the noisy haunts of men,
One sought the prize of fame;
The world refused to hear his song,
And would not know his name.

Another, from ambition free,
Sang quietly, apart;
The world, persistent, sought him out,
And took him to her heart.

Under the division "Studies in Souls," Mr. Clark has written these four lines which he calls

INFLUENCE

I saw him once—he stood a moment there;
He spake one word, which laid his spirit
bare;
He grasped my hand, then passed beyond
my ken;
But what I was, I shall not be again.

Then I have other anthologies of Mr. Clark's selection, such as "The Master of Men," "Poems for the Great Days," "The New Patriotism," "Poems for Life," "Home Roads and Far Horizons," and a lovely little volume of Mr. Clark's own poems which he calls

"God's Dreams," so named for the poem I often read of his by that title.

"Dreams are they—but they are God's dreams!
Shall we decry them and scorn them?
That men shall love one another,
That white shall call black man brother,
That greed shall pass from the market place,
That lust shall yield to love for the race,
That man shall meet with God face to face—
Dreams are they all,
But shall we despise them—
God's dreams!

Dreams are they—to become man's dreams!
Can we say nay as they claim us?
That men shall cease from their hating,
That war shall soon be abating,
That the glory of kings and lords shall pale,
That the pride of dominion and power shall fail,
That the love of humanity shall prevail—
Dreams are they all,
But shall we despise them—
God's dreams!"

There is, in addition, an anthology called "One Hundred Poems of Peace," and another "100 Poems of Immortality."

There are, of course, in my library, many, many other books of poetry, but these are among the ones I keep close to my desk, for they have always seemed to fit in so beautifully with my work and what I am trying to do. We are all so busy hurrying to and fro, it is difficult to get time for reading much that we would like to read. What a great lift can come from just one poem a day, if one makes the right selection; or from a few lines of prose with an inspiring thought behind them.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

IT was sunset. I had been watching from my bed in my hospital room, the color come into the sky—from flaming red to delicate rose—and the rosy light sent a glow over the roofs, transforming them into a scene of beauty. My room being on the fourth floor of the Ravenswood Hospital, the wide western window gives a view across and over countless roofs, tall chimneys like towers, and low ones, church steeples and treetops. The latter look as drab and dead as they did in January. No tone of changing color has shown in the bark, which, as is my custom, I have watched for, since the first of February. All the ice coatings and clinging snow seems strangely to have done nothing for them. Then today the miracle happened. It was this morning I noticed a change. The topmost branches of a tree across the street, gently swaying in the wind, waved fringe of lacy buds, silhouetted against the sky! I was so thrilled I said out loud to no one, for I was alone: "That tree has budded out over night! The miracle has happened again! Spring never fails to come, thank God!" And my heart was overflowing with gratitude to the point of tears. Winter had been so long!

I felt happy all day about the first sign of Spring I had seen, and so from my bed I watched the beautiful sunset and thought of our island home in Lake Vermilion, wondering when that north country would be free of winter's

grasp. They have had it so much worse than we have. Suddenly I noticed something dart across my line of vision. Sitting up a little straighter I looked intently at the roof of a building across the street—and on the tiptop of a high, fancy pinnacle used for corner-trim was a robin, outlined against the rosy sky! I was so delighted for I have been unable to walk out as usual in the park to see the robins and early birds, and fairly longed for the sight of a robin! And here one came to me!

I did not put on my bedlight for some time but looked at the colors fading into evening, resting in that quiet hour of deepening twilight, till night fell like a curtain—always a lonely time in a hospital. However, withal it had been a pleasant experience; the coming to know so many girls and young women—and some not so young — the young girls, student nurses, attending classes part of each day. I have found all the nurses to be the most wonderful characters and charming personalities, so kind, gentle and willing to give attention and help whenever needed. I shall never forget them, and feel that they are my friends.

Then the hundreds of beautiful cards and notes I have received have been an inexpressible pleasure, from friends, and "friends I don't know"—which recalls the story a friend wrote from California. They were living on a ranch and when they went to town to shop she noticed everyone they passed would speak a word of greeting, and her husband would reply, so she asked him, "Who was that you spoke to?" and he said, "Why that's a friend I don't know." I find I have many of these, and to think they have taken time and trouble to send cards and notes, invariably telling me they pray for me a rapid recovery to health, as well as all the dear friends I do know, is deeply appreciated. The kind thought and affection, encouragement and prayers have all helped more than can be estimated. And all the gorgeous flowers I have received have given me such joy! The first two weeks I was here my room was like a flower show! Flowers are healing to me and they brought their spiritual message of beauty and love and cheer! I am so grateful for them all and for several little gifts that have been charming.

When one is ill one finds out a lot about their friends! I must tell you of one thing that specially touched me. It was the 21st of March, a drab, raw day, and I was quite low spirited—the first day of Spring officially—but where was Spring? And where was I? My supper tray was brought in, and following was a nurse's aid, with a small florist box which she brought to my bedside. Open it, please, I said, wondering who could be sending me a corsage. I was actually moved to tears when I saw, of all things—a lovely bunch of violets—the first day of spring—and violets! A sweet soul indeed, with the heart of a poet—that "friend I don't know!" I shall always remember that as one of the lovely things that happened to me while in the hospital. I have received well over two thousand beautiful cards! You can therefore realize that a personal and individual acknowledgement is impossible; I can only thank you with all my heart through The Liberalist, and by a kind message of appreciation from my husband from the pulpit and the radio.

I am improving with each passing day I may say. The virus infection in my chest takes time to shake off, but I am getting well and hope the day is not distant when I can be home, be out, and be in church! Thank you all for helping me—and God bless you!

* * *

Late in March Dr. Bradley received

a letter on stationery with an interesting caption — "KTOP — This is Topeka," and the dome of a statehouse was underneath these words. The writer of the letter, Jack-Warren Ostrode, had been on Dr. Bradley's mind for some little time, for, though during the years immediately after the close of the war, Jack often sent in a poem and many of these were read by Dr. Bradley on his program, it had now been a long time since he had heard from Jack, so this letter was good news.

"Dear Friend, Dr. Bradley: It has been too long a time. But I do not believe too much in the element of time, and the months since I last saw and heard you, prove that hours and miles are not powerful things in a friendship.

"Since leaving Chicago I have been program director of KTOP. Most of my shows are evening shots, tailored for a serious audience. I also do an 'Orchid to You' program, honoring some citizen for service to the community, state or nation. The week-night program is called "The Talk of the Town," where no punches are pulled. It is a warm feeling to be doing something of this nature. There IS such a need here for helping to clean up the town and talk straight. The bricks and bats are many, of course. Strange calls come over the phone at night. But I'm staying with it. You'd want me to do that, I'm sure.

"Am mailing out this morning a transcription of one of my programs. I ran a series of shows based on 'Preston Bradley's Way.' Mail pull was very good. Many fine comments. Your books are being asked for in the library and in the stores. I want Topeka to know you better—for good reason. They need you.

"Our book of poetry may be published by Capper Publishing Company this summer. I still like the dedication of that book: 'To Preston Bradley who spoke a kind word when the rest of the world was mute.'

"More in another week, my friend. God bless you and Mrs. Bradley.— Jack."

* * *

Everyone who listens to Dr. Bradley through the years is familiar with the name of Thomas Curtis Clark, for his poetry or the poetry from one of the many anthologies of choice poems is on Dr. Bradley's lips on many occasions. Recently Dr. Bradley gave a Wednesday book chat over the air, talking about Mr. Clark's anthologies and his long years of service to the cause of poetry. I am sure you will enjoy reading this letter which Dr. Bradley received shortly after the broadcast was given:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I hardly know how to thank you for your kindness in telling your great radio audience about my books. You did a masterly job, I can assure you. I hope many more thoughtly people may thus find in poetry a 'balm for their souls' in these trying times. I am inclined to think that you are doing more for the cause of poetry than all the poetry magazines of the country. Yours is a great prophetic ministry; it is also a poetic ministry.

"I am glad my anthologies have helped you find poems that help people! That 'God's Dreams'—which you read so beautifully—go on and on. It was written in 1917.

"Your suggestion as to a poet laureate for Illinois is good, whether the honor should fall to a Mr. T.C.C. or some other. Thank you. You should have seen my good wife while you were speaking. I am sure she will want to have a word of appreciation in this letter.

"In the hope that your fine ministry may continue for many, many years, I am — Thomas C. Clark."

"Yes, dear Dr. Bradley: I said 'What a fine soul he (Dr. Bradley) is.' You are certainly a great booster of one poet, Thomas Curtis Clark. I am glad you agree, too, as to the poet laureate. I think such honors should come to those who merit them while they are living. I am sure you agree. How fine that you called on your two dear little lady admirers. I have corresponded with Miss Ferguson for about four years. I know she was thrilled to have a visit with you. Again thank you.

Mrs. Tom Clark."

* * *

Each year on February 28th, for the last two or three years, Dr. Bradley has held an interview with the Reverend W. J. Griffith of the Hebron Congregational Church. The reason for the interview falling on February 28th is because that is St. David's Day, which has great meaning and significance for the Welsh people, and Reverend Griffith being a Welshman, he always sends a message in the Welsh language to the listeners. Many letters come in to WGN after this broadcast and on March 16th, Dr. Bradley received the following appreciative letter from dear Reverend Griffith, who has a very poetic heart and spirit:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Received your letters containing excerpts from our friends regarding the program of St. David's Day, which are very gratifying, especially from old friends in the mist of the past which I had lost track of.

"I received several letters from Wisconsin and they seem to have enjoyed the Welsh program immensely. Evidently you have a large host of listeners and admirers in that state.

"I am enclosing a poem which may fit into your program sometime, and which you may use if acceptable.

"Seldom a day goes by without Mrs. Griffith and I tuning in at 10 p.m., for Dr. Bradley. We certainly are inspired by your challenges. May God strengthen you to keep on with the good work.

Yours very sincerely,

W. J. Griffith."

IT WILL BE FINE TOMORROW

I'm richly blest with thoughts divine
To compensate for sorrow;
God's rainbow is my sure sign
It will be fine tomorrow.

I go according to my heart,
Not by the weather bureau;
I blow the mist from off my chart,
The sun will shine tomorrow.

I travel on from day to day,
Oblivious of my shadow;
I face the sunlight all the way,
It will be fine tomorrow.

I cast away the shades of gloom
And open wide my window,
For God's bright light to fill my room,
It will be fine tomorrow.

W. J. Griffith.

* * *

Spring seems to have a special way of inspiring poetic thinking, for in the mail during the Lenten season came this poem by Florence Cool of our church:

COME—TO DR. BRADLEY'S CHURCH

Let's wend our way to the House of God,
That we may worship there.
Where we may find the peace we seek
In answer to our prayer.
Come with me to the throne of Love,
And sweet communion find.
Its doors are open, wide and free,
To those of all mankind.
We praise thee, Lord, for this thy shrine,
And may we grateful be,
For having found the path that leads
To this, Thy house, and Thee.

Florence Cool.

* * *

I have enjoyed chatting with you, my friends, again, through the pages of the Mail Bag. Do keep the letters coming in, and—

KEEP ON THE BEAM!

GENTLEMEN, DO YOU WANT PEACE?

(Condensation of a Sunday Evening Sermon
by Dr. Preston Bradley, delivered on March 12, 1950.)

Milwaukee, Wis.,
March 13, 1950.

My dear Dr. Bradley:

It was my privilege last Sunday evening to be present at the Peoples Church, Chicago, and hear you speak on the subject: "Gentlemen, Do You Want Peace?" This evening service was not broadcast, and on the assumption that perhaps many who were not present would be interested in knowing the gist of your address, I am sending you my condensation of the subject matter of your own proposal for world peace, which may be of interest to many of your readers:

It was based on two hypotheses, first, that neither Russia nor the United States can continue to spend their resources indefinitely for nonproductive purposes such as militarism and the armament race coupled with their bids for the favor of other nations in the conduct of the cold war, without risking early and complete economic collapse; and, second, that war is not inevitable, and that peace is possible if it is earnestly and honestly desired. Dr. Bradley proposes the following practical steps to be taken to avert war and secure universal and lasting peace:

1. Select from our schools and colleges a group of students of Russian birth and nationality, with a knowledge of the Russian language, and have them prepare an honest statement describing our way of life and stating the fact that the American people as a whole are not desirous of a war with their country, but, rather, harbor a friendly feeling for the Russian people. In the form of a leaflet, printed in Russian, this information to be placed into the hands of the Russian people by means of dropping millions of such from some of our jet planes over Russia. (Dr. Bradley himself has offered his aid in this process of distribution.) He feels that it is the common people of both countries who have to be brought closer together in knowledge and understanding, and that not enough is being done by either country to effect this desirable objective.

2. Since President Truman has declined to make a personal visit to Mr. Stalin, Dr. Bradley proposes that representative committees from the United States and Russia, headed by Messrs. Truman and Stalin, should meet at neutral Geneva, Switzerland, for a discussion of permanent peace agreements. The American committee is to consist of representative Americans, other than politicians and diplomats, and should include a Democrat, a Republican, a Communist, a Negro, a Jew, a Catholic and a Protestant.

3. Alter the constitution of the United Nations by eliminating the Veto.

4. Arrange that the next session of the United Nations be held in Moscow, preferably upon Mr. Stalin's own invitation. It is his belief that such a move would make a favorable impression upon the people of Russia by demonstrating to them our truly democratic attitude in our negotiations for international understanding and harmony.

In consideration of the above, two premises are to be taken for granted, namely:

1. That it is just as disloyal to talk

war and propagandize for war in times of peace, as it is to talk and propagandise for peace in time of war. Also that only a small group, which stands to gain most by war, is interested in such war talk and propaganda, and that the common people desire peace. It is, therefore, important that the people combat such talk of war and propaganda for war to the utmost of their power. In order to have peace, WE MUST WANT PEACE.

2. That it may become necessary that we reconcile ourselves to the fact that the American and Russian ideologies may both have to be accepted until such time as their application and practice will prove their respective values, and a peaceful decision is handed down by the people of the world. An aggressive war launched by either nation to inflict, by force, its ideology upon the people of the other, would prove nothing and react as a costly failure upon the aggressor.

W. J. PAHN.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

MARCH

1—Radio Address. WGN
Cut Record. WGN
Address. Kankakee Woman's Club. 1st Methodist Church
Book Lecture. Peoples Church

2—Radio Address. (El Tr.)
Address. St. Louis Rotary Club Statler Hotel, St. Louis

3—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Dedication of Sinai Temple

5—Two Services. Peoples Church

6—Radio Address. WGN
Cut record. WGN
Address. Woman's Club. Peoples Church
Address. Chamber of Commerce Cudahy, Wis.

7—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Kiwanis Club, Faust Hotel, Rockford, Ills.

8—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church

9—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Chicago Food Products Club, Hotel Sherman (26th consecutive address for this club)
Address. Outdoor Exposition. International Amphitheatre

10—Radio Conference

12—Two Services. Peoples Church

13—Radio Address. WGN
Annual Meeting. Peoples Church

14—Radio Address. WGN
University Club. Luncheon meeting. Address. Logan Square Boys' Club

15—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Harvey Woman's Club, Harvey
Cut record. WGN
Address. Highland Park Temple, Highland Park, Ill.

16—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Mid-West Hotel Men's Assoc. Grand Ballroom, Stevens Hotel

17—Radio Address. (El Tr.)
Address. Community Lenten Service, First Meth. Church, Milwaukee, Wis.

19—Two Services. Peoples Church

20—Radio Address. WGN

21—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Wicker Park Woman's Club, Norske Club.

22—Radio Address. WGN
Two interviews
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
23—Radio Address. WGN
24—Radio Address. WGN
26—Two Services. Peoples Church
27—Radio Address. WGN
28—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Chicago Round Table
29—Address. Mid-West Sales Conference. Gas Industry
Judging "Loveliest Mother" Contest Chicago Daily News
Closing Book Lecture. Peoples Church
30—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Institute on Human Relations
31—Radio Address. WGN
Luncheon. English Speaking Union. Crystal Ballroom, Blackstone Hotel
Address. Temple Emanuel

WEDDINGS

4—Mary C. Carmody and Norwood R. Ebert
7—Ruth M. Bennett and John K. Wunsch
10—Mrs. Wilma Olmstead and R. L. Bard
18—Florence Baukin and James Olsen
18—Dorothy M. Huntington and Sterling H. Ruston
25—Nadine Dessailly and Archie Roll
Lillian M. Zick and W. W. Frank
26—Leopold G. Abren and Ruth B. Kane

CHRISTENINGS

9—Susan Valentine Kelsey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moulton Kelsey
12—Judith Elizabeth Mitchell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Mitchell

CHRISTENINGS EASTER SUNDAY APRIL 9

Colette Benson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Benson.

Lorel Elizabeth Bobek, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Bobek.

Colon Christopher Bruce and Clyde Peter Bruce, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Bruce.

James Robert Galvin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Galvin.

Mary Lou Hartwick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Hartwick.

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Carol Jeanne Flodin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Flodin.

ADULT CHRISTENINGS

Freda Christensen
Betty J. Flodin
Madeline Giguere
Ruth Hasselius
Hildur Wiseman

BAPTISM

27—Mrs. Bertha Brellahan

FUNERALS

4—Mrs. Amanda Von Oppen
Helen Classen Murphy
Mrs. Joan Prahle
8—Mrs. Clara C. Peterson
11—Jack Nelson Lloyd
George Walter Sproul
14—Mrs. Clara Moe
16—Charles Bosch
17—Joseph Pierce
21—Hill Bernstein
Mrs. Cora Wilson
22—John Linn
29—Emma Helgason
John Lassale

The Following Members Were Publicly Welcomed Into The People's Church

EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL 9

Mrs. Dora Ash,
of Evanston, Ill.
Mrs. Harold Bedger,
of Maywood, Ill.
Mr. Ben Barron
Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Benson
Mrs. Freda Christensen
Miss Anne F. Cierpik
Mr. Clarence A. Colton, from
1st Methodist Church
DeKalb, Illinois
Miss Esther C. Elliott
Mr. and Mrs. Arnold N. Franklin
Mr. Milton Frogner
Mr. Hubert Gaensslen
Mrs. Madeline Giguere
Mr. and Mrs. Robt. H. Hanna
Mrs. Frances M. Hartwick, from
First Lutheran Church
Janesville, Wisconsin
Mrs. Wm. Hartwick
Miss Ruth Hasselius
Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hillig,
of Palos Park, Ill.
Mr. Carl Hillig, Jr.
of Palos Park, Ill.
Mr. Ernest Hillig,
of Palos Park, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. W. Homerding,
of Palos Park, Ill.
Dr. and Mrs. Henry C. Iltis
Mrs. Herbert Johnek
Mr. and Mrs. Carl H. Johnson
Mr. and Mrs. Moulton Kelsey
Mr. and Mrs. J. Lauritsen,
of Berwyn, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Lawrence
Mrs. Frank Matthews
Mr. Alan Murroughs,
of Evanston, Ill.
Mr. Ronald Murroughs,
of Evanston, Ill.
Dr. and Mrs. Thaddeus Murroughs,
of Evanston, Ill.
Mrs. Henrietta Mohr
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Peets,
from St. Marks Lutheran Church
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Primm
Mr. Marvin V. Reagan
Mrs. Filomena Ricchinti
Miss Diane Roetter
Mr. Richard B. Roetter
Mr. and Mrs. Wallace W. Rose
Mrs. Emma E. Shankwitz,
from United Congregational
Church
Mr. Wayne Steele
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph J. Styzens
Mr. Carl E. Vanstrom
Mr. and Mrs. George Weiris
Mrs. Hildur Wiseman

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In Memoriam

Grace Thayer Bradley

May 27, 1950

There is chill in the air tonight and a mist hangs over the city. Indian Summer which has lingered with us so long and which has been so delightful, I feel is stealing away under cover of the night, and Fall has come in with the fog.

(From "Home Again!")

Grace Thayer Bradley

Mrs. Bradley and James on the patio at her Arden Lodge home, Lake Vermilion, Tower, Minnesota.

GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

A Biographical Sketch

GRACE THAYER BRADLEY was born in Chicago and with the exception of summers, spent her entire life in Chicago.

Her father, William Thayer, was born in Conway, Massachusetts, and was a friend of Marshall Field, who was born in the same village. Coming to Chicago, Mr. Thayer became associated with Marshall Field and was a foreign buyer for the Marshall Field Company at the time of his death many years ago.

Her mother was Myrtle Wilkins, of an old Chicago family. Mrs. Bradley lost her father when she was comparatively young, and some years later her mother died suddenly. The family all lived together in an old home on Aldine Square.

Mrs. Bradley nursed her grandmother and her aunt through long illnesses, and with their passing, she became the head of the house, caring for four uncles, one of whom was Dr. David Wilkins, a Chicago physician; another, Mr. Charles W. Wilkins, who for many years was associated with H. O. Howard & Company; Mr. William Wilkins, who was with the Drexel State Bank, and Mr. Edward Wilkins, who later moved to Kansas City, where he passed on.

All of these uncles, who were unusually dear to her, died, leaving only three cousins, Mr. George Arms, Miss

Virginia Arms and Mr. David Wilkins as her surviving blood relatives.

In 1912 she met Dr. Bradley for the first time. They were introduced by Miss Frances Norton, the daughter of Colonel Norton, one of the editors of the old Chicago Record Herald.

She became interested immediately in the church work, in which Dr. Bradley was engaged, and was a charter-founder-member of the Woman's Club of the church, and its first Corresponding Secretary. She was later made Honorary President of the Woman's Club and served in that capacity until her death.

On November 25, 1915, she was united in marriage with Dr. Bradley by Dr. R. A. White, in a simple home wedding in their own little apartment on Clarendon Avenue, which they had furnished and where they established their home. Dr. Bradley is the only surviving member of the wedding party.

Mrs. Bradley was educated at a girls' private school and had private tutors in languages and music.

For many years she was a sufferer with bronchial asthma, complicated with a sinus infection.

The first year after her marriage Dr. and Mrs. Bradley established a summer home on Lake Vermilion, at Tower, Minnesota, and every summer was spent at Lake Vermilion, with the exceptions of the two summers when she accompanied Dr. Bradley to Europe.

With the founding of The Liberalist in April, 1924, she took over the department of the Radio Mail Bag and every month read hundreds of letters from the radio friends, making a selection of the letters of more general interest for her column. She took a great deal of pride and interest in her literary work and wrote many stories and poems of exceptional literary merit.

She entered Ravenswood Hospital on March 16, 1950, for what was hoped would be the short duration of checking on her condition. She responded favorably to the treatments there and felt at one time she would be able to return home and later go to her beloved island. However, a relapse took place, she grew increasingly worse and spent the last three weeks of her life in an oxygen tent.

She passed away in her sleep, quietly and peacefully on Saturday evening, May 27, at 8:30. She rested at Lain's North Side Funeral Chapel until Wednesday, when her funeral service was held in The Peoples Church at 1:00 p.m.

She was taken to Dr. Bradley's old home and to their cemetery lot at Fairview Cemetery in Linden, Michigan, where a brief service was held on Thursday morning at 10:00 o'clock, on June 1st. She rests in the little village cemetery in a spot which she herself had chosen and where she wanted to be.

Preston Bradley

Funeral Service

for Mrs. Grace Thayer Bradley

held at The Peoples Church of Chicago May 31st, 1950, at 1:00 p.m.

GRACE THAYER BRADLEY passed on, Saturday evening, May 27, 1950, at 8:30. The body rested in State at Lain's Funeral Parlors, 5501 N. Ashland Avenue, until Wednesday morning, May 31st. Over 700 people had come to pay their respects to the gracious little lady who walked with Dr. Bradley through the years as he built the material and spiritual edifice known as The Peoples Church of Chicago.

On Wednesday, at 1:00 o'clock, the church was filled with friends and members of the church and of Dr. and Mrs. Bradley. Nearly 1700 people were present at the service.

The pulpit was banked with beautiful flowers and a blanket of red roses rested on the foot of the gray casket. As Mr. LeRoy Wetzel, the organist, played, the black-robed choir filed silently in and took their places in the choir loft. The ten honorary pall bearers took their places, the family came in and were seated and Mayor Martin H. Kennelly and other distinguished representatives of the civic, religious and educational life of Chicago were seen to gravely take their places in the audience.

Friends and acquaintances paid a last farewell tribute to the little lady they had known for so long, known to many as "Lady Gracious." The casket was closed, and the blanket of roses was placed upon it.

Officiating: Rev. Morriston J. Thomas, D.D.; D.Litt., Pastor of the First Congregational Church of Ravenswood

Assisted by: Rev. Leslie T. Pennington, L.H.D., Pastor of First Unitarian Church of Chicago

Rev. Benjamin M. Will, Pastor of Granville Avenue Methodist Church, more popularly known as "The Country Church of the City"

Rev. John R. Heyworth, Pastor of Unity Church of Chicago

Organ Prelude, LeRoy Wetzel, Organist and Director of the Peoples Church Choir

Anthem: "Rock of Ages," The Choir and the Peoples Church Quartet

Invocation: Rev. Leslie T. Pennington:

"The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.

"I am the resurrection and the life, sayeth the Lord: He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.

"Let us pray:

"O Thou who saidst 'Let there be light,' and there was light; who made the morning stars to sing together for joy at the dawn of creation; who formed man from the dust of the earth, breathing into his nostrils the breath of life that he should become a living soul, we thank Thee that Thou who art the Master of darkness and light,

of life and death, art the guardian of the deepest treasures of our souls and the dearest companion of our hearts; of faith which sustains our spirits through all the vicissitudes of the world; of memories which lie too deep for words, which rise to bless us upon our way, and of august anticipations; of love which dare to commit itself amidst transitory experience to the great deep of Thine Eternal Being; and of all dear human things in which our hearts find rest.

"We remember in gratitude and joy the life which Thou didst fashion and which Thou receivest now into Thyself. Our hearts recall the treasured memories of those years—of dreamed dreams and seen visions, of clear and honest thought, of true work truly done, of cheerful courage and patient waiting, of that gallant and gracious spirit which gave itself so generously to the fulfillment of life in all Thy children, of companionship which has been blest in simpleness and gentleness and honor and clean mirth. Help us to remember that all the past read true is prophecy, that all the firsts are hauntings of one last, that all the springs are flashlights of one spring.

"Teach us anew, we pray Thee, in this hour, what manner of spirit we are of. We would lift our eyes to Thy everlasting hills of light; we would drink again from the everlasting spring of Thy life and peace. The faith, the beauty and the love wrought through the years is ever secure in the haven of Thy spirit for those who enter there. It will sustain us in the hour of our trial and minister its peace in the long night of our waiting.

"O Lord, we thank Thee for the beauty of life and for the peace of death, and for the life of Thy spirit which rises through all created things to find its everlasting home in Thee.

Amen."

Dr. Thomas: "The Scripture for the hour will be given by the Reverend John R. Heyworth of Unity Church."

Rev. Heyworth:

"The things which are seen are transient; the things which are unseen are eternal. For we know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

"Let not your heart be troubled. You believe in God, believe also in me. In my father's house are many mansions. Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I to you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Dr. Thomas: "Dr. Will of 'The Country Church of the City' will read one of Mrs. Bradley's favorite poems."

Dr. Will:

"My dear friends. As I join with you today in this beautiful symphony of friendship and appreciation, I think of a very lovely poem that has been very dear to the hearts of Doctor and Mrs. Bradley for many years. It is fitting that I bring this beautiful tribute in the springtime of the year. I realize this church has been a monument to the great ministry of Doctor and Mrs. Bradley through the years, and will

continue to be an enduring monument for years to come.

"The glory of the lovely interlude of the years that you have spent together will always live as an imperishable possession in our hearts. You have been comrades through these years in the joys and sorrows of life. You have shared life's sunshine and clouds, its victories and its defeats. But somehow, while you have brought great comfort and courage to thousands of people, it is different when sorrow knocks at your own door, and death invades the fireside of your own home. But I am confident that the faith that you have kept will now keep you. We may join the poet in his great hope of immortality—

There is enough of God in the heart
of a rose,
In the smile of a child,
And in the dewy blossom of dawn
To prove that beauty is the soul of
Him;
That love is His scepter,
And that all things that have been
created by Him
Face not the night but an eternal morning.

"I am also confident that we can all put our hands into the hand of a dependable God, and find in that clasp something better than a light, and something supremely safer than a known way.

"And now I give you the poem 'Let It Be Spring,' by Francesca Falk Miller, which Mrs. Bradley loved:

Let it be Spring on my last day;
A Spring of tender green,
Of sunshine filled with promises of
life,
Not death.

Let the lilacs spill their purple
blooms
Beside the garden wall,
So that I may forget
How dead leaves fall.

Let Nature lend her gayest mood
To speed me on my way;
So many tears I've known—
Let me remember naught but smiles,
On my last day.

May there be young birds whispering
Above me in the trees,
A sudden rush of warm soft rain
On thirsty leaves;

A rainbow and a cricket's chirp;
An awkward lamb at play—
O God of living things,
Let it be Spring on my last day.

"And, Grace Bradley, it is Spring today as we say 'Farewell' to you. You have already entered the everlasting alps of God's upper provinces of creation. We would keep up the courage of our hearts; we would refresh ourselves with beautiful memories of love; we would travel forward with less weary step, knowing that some day we shall meet again, your love and friendship shall await us there."

Anthem: "Open Our Eyes" by Macfarlane — The Choir and Peoples Church Quartet.

Dr. Morriston J. Thomas: "Shall we bow our heads a moment?

"We seem to give Grace Bradley back to Thee, dear God, who gavest her to us, and as Thou didst not lose her in giving, so we cannot lose her by her return to Thee. Not as the world giveth givest Thou, O God, but what Thou givest Thou takest not away. We are Thine always, and Thou art always ours. Life is eternal, and love is immortal, and death, death is but an horizon, and an horizon is nothing but the limit of our sight. Lift us up, Thou strong Son of God, that we may see farther; cleanse our eyes that we may see more clearly. Draw nigh to us, O Lover of Souls, that we may know our-

selves nearer to our beloved who is with Thee. As Thou dost prepare a place for us, prepare us, we beseech Thee, for that place, that where Thou art, and where she is, we shall be inseparable forever. Amen.

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers, as in content,
There falls on the old gray city
An influence, luminous and serene—
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
In a rosy and golden haze. The spires
shine and are changed. In the valley
Shadows arise. The lark sings on. The sun
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with the sense of the triumphing night,
With her train of stars,
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My task accomplished, and the long day done;
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark—singing.

Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene.

"I want to give you a poem—I don't know who the author is. I don't believe you are apt to forget it when I give it to you. Thomas Carlyle, after he lost Jane, used to walk in Cheym Row in Chelsea across the river from London, and they would hear him repeat this little poem. When I tell you that Thomas Carlyle repeated his favorite poem at the end of his life, you will understand that it is no ordinary poem:

It is an old belief that on some solemn shore
Beyond the sphere of grief,
Good friends shall meet once more
Beyond the sphere of time
And sin and fate's control
Secure in changeless prime
Of body and of soul.
That faith I fain would keep,
This hope I'll not forego,
Eternal be the sleep
If not to waken so.

"I am constrained to read to you a little poem from a clipping given to my daughter during her high school days by Grace Bradley. I am reading it because it shows the influence Grace had upon the young people. I did not know anything about this until yesterday when my daughter read it to me while I was driving my car. Think of keeping a clipping for twenty-five years just because Grace gave it to her and wanted her to know it and love it. It is by John Burroughs:

My Own Shall Come to Me

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For Lo, my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid th' eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Or change the tide of destiny.

"The Master, I remember, paid his greatest compliment to a woman. I love to think of those fascinating words: 'She hath done me good.' It was an extravaganza of love and is the highest thing anyone ever did for our Lord, and while some did not under-

stand, he put it in those five words in our language: 'She hath done me good.' Now I profess to you that this woman, Grace Bradley, 'hath done me good' and I am certain that I speak for all of you who knew her when I say that. She was a good woman and a good woman cannot help doing good, and that point of greatness Grace Bradley had achieved long ago. She was, as you know, a patrician, born a lady to her finger tips, and possessed withal of a modesty, a tenderness and an understanding which she made so real to all of us.

"I think I remember her mostly as she sat at eventide on that wide porch on Black Duck Island watching the sunset and the sunlight like a priest casting his scarlet robes upon the immensity of the lake, and there, in his effulgence, holding a vesper service to the magnificence of God. No one on the lake appreciated a sunset more than Grace Bradley. I can see her looking through the lattices of the leaves far out on the lake, then watching the birds in the trees going to their nests, and their nests were nearer to her there than at any other place I ever knew: she was a friend of birds.

"But mostly I will remember her when she took me out and showed me her garden. She had a beautiful garden and in it there bloomed all sorts and colors of flowers and she was justly proud of them. You know, the garden of this woman's soul was something to admire. There were some qualities developed to fruit and flower by a disciplined spirit of faith, qualities of beauty and of fragrance. I don't think anybody loved that lake any more than she did. I have a quaint notion that the angels, in taking her out of Ravenswood Hospital the other day, took her past that spiritual home of hers on Lake Vermilion. In fact, I used to call her 'The Lady of the Lake.' It was through the Bradleys, of course, that we found Lake Vermilion, and it was in that environment that we have had occasion and time to cultivate one another. Not in this city where Doctor Bradley and I have ministered for thirty-seven years in our respective churches, for we have no time for each other here. Over there, we had.

"My first call every season at Black Duck Island was upon Grace Bradley, and at a time when I knew that Preston was away. Her husband, by virtue of his mercurial personality and varied interests, attracted many people to his summer home. That was the reason I wanted Grace to realize that my initial call was upon her. And perhaps this is a good opportunity to say that the one perfect quality she possessed was her constant and all-absorbing devotion to her husband. Almost might it be said that by the nature of her affections her own life was practically limited by his interests and activities. It is true, however, that even so, it was a fruitful and impressive life.

"She had within this prescription, her own life to live, essentially an artist's life, as many of her charming and impressive paintings demonstrate. Her artistic talent, with its attendant imagination, enabled her through the years to write many things of merit in both poetry and prose. Her contributions to 'The Liberalist' through the years of its existence have been of outstanding interest and value. Her love of the beautiful was evidenced both within and without the home; more especially did the plan and arrangement of her flower garden express her lovely care and contribute to her pride and joy. She encouraged everything and everyone around to grow in beauty and grace. She was 'A very gentle lady.'

"I want to give you just one sentence from an old Roman Catholic priest. It

is, I believe, the concentrated essence of all good religion, and particularly of our own; the quintessence of the Gospel. 'We live; we outlive; we live again.' There you are. It is ours to realize that man has a body, but that he is not a body; he is a living soul. It is ours to realize that it is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die, but there is other life with God.

"And now we remember how Grace justified the name they gave her. She was gracious; she was full of grace. She loved the beautiful, and she was suffused with goodness. You must still think of her as having transcended this body. What a beautiful body it was and how nobly the dignity of death sat upon her—the kind of a body she had.

"Now, I don't know, but it must be like this in some respects, but she will never pass away. She may die even in your memory and recollections, but she will never die to God, and she will never die to those who really loved her.

" 'She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Shone in her aspect and her eyes.'

"Finally, this verse will express your present emotions: and your hope. Mr. Wordsworth once said: 'Will you please repeat that little stanza to me again? I do not envy anybody his creation, but I do say I wish I had written that stanza.' It was a woman by the name of Mrs. Barbauld who composed it:

Life we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perchance 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not "Good night" but in some sweeter clime,
Bid me "Good morning".

"Let us unite in prayer:

"O God, from whom we come, to whom we go, Thou art the Alpha and the Omega of our life. It is in Thee we live and move and have our being. Thou art as native to us as air to the birds and the sea to the fish. We live in Thee, and we live on Thee. We thank Thee that Thou hast opened the chancel of our soul to Thy love and to Thy care. We thank Thee that experience has taught us the truth of so many things that older men knew and budding minds discounted, but we do know now that 'We live; we outlive; and we live again.'

"O Lord, we commend to Thy Fatherly Goodness this wonderful, dear family. Grant unto Thy servant something like an apocalypse wherein he shall see as he is seen today from another dimension of life. Grant unto him who has medicated to so many sick souls that such medication shall not fail him now. Grant unto him, O Lord, that memories shall glisten and brighten the future, and not blight it. Stir his spirit and lift up his heart, and give him to know that the things which have reposed in his soul so long are the truest things in life. We begin in Thee, end in Thee, and if we have had visions, and have experienced joy and happiness in this world, surely we shall go on in Thy great and gracious providence to other and better worlds hidden from us by the vast horizon; but deep in our souls we are sure that to live with God is to live forever. On behalf of all who loved Grace Bradley we thank Thee now for her beautiful life, and for all she meant in this large company of appreciative souls."

"Now unto the one God eternal,
And to His son, our Lord,
Be honor and glory,
Dominion and power—forever.
And the grace of our Lord be with you always. Amen."

The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

A Tribute to Grace Thayer Bradley My Wife

by Preston Bradley

ON Thanksgiving Day, this year, Mrs. Bradley and I would have walked thirty-five years on the highway of life together. We were planning a happy and a joyful anniversary. The reception given us on our twenty-fifth anniversary by The Peoples Church, our friends and radio listeners was one of the most precious memories of our lives and we had hoped on our thirty-fifth to build another memory for the years ahead.

I shall never forget the first time I ever saw her. It is as vivid to me now as it was nearly forty years ago. A mutual friend and neighbor of hers on Aldine Square invited me to meet Grace Thayer Wilkins in her home.

It was an old-fashioned three-story house, such as bordered Aldine Square in those days; a house whose walls were sacred with the memories of a large family. It was a home in the highest and truest sense and at the time I met her she was the woman of the house. She was maintaining a home for four uncles and doing it with all the graciousness and charm which always characterized her home life.

We entered the home that evening and as we stepped into the hall, I looked up the long stairway that led to the second floor and there she stood. As she walked down the stairs to greet us and our friend presented us, I thought she was one of the loveliest and most refined young ladies I had ever met, and she was!

It was a warm evening and I remember later on, when we were served a light repast she said, "I learned from Frances you like buttermilk," and she brought out a pitcher of cold buttermilk. Strange how these little things come back to one, etched as they have been in memory and forgotten until

memory recreates the yesterdays of life.

The next Sunday she was in our small congregation at The Peoples Church, for we were a small church in those long-ago years. There weren't very many people those Sundays, but she was always there. She met the women who were interested in the church and its future and, with Mrs. George Lomax, who has long since gone, and Mrs. G. U. Gairing, who still is with us and was at Mrs. Bradley's funeral, they organized the Women's Club of The Peoples Church. She was elected the Corresponding Secretary, and apart from her home, the Woman's Club was the most important thing in her life.

The fine qualities and attributes of her character are plainly revealed in the two names which I always used when speaking to her. In writing to her, when I would be away on lecture trips, I always called her "Lady Gracious," and from the very beginning of our home I never called her anything but "Mother."

If I possessed the descriptive power of a Shakespeare or the poetic gift of a Wordsworth I could never portray adequately the character and the soul of "Mother." For nearly 35 years she was married to one who belonged to the public, whose home life was constantly broken by the necessities of his work, who constantly faced a barrage of demands and challenges; and I can now say without one reservation, my life never could have been what it has been without her.

We have seen sunshine and shadow; we have known anxiety, disappointment and heartaches; and through it all she stood by my side, imparting strength, courage and inspiration. I have failed her perhaps a thousand times, but never once did she fail me. Her appraisal of people; her unusual faculty of intuition and her unbounded faith constituted my strength and my fortress.

"Mother" had no social ambitions whatever. She had no time and there was no place in her life for spending her energies with trivial or inconsequential things. Her home and her church were her all.

She was a creative personality. Early in life she painted one or two beautiful things and later on continued her painting until she has left as a priceless heritage several paintings of the out-of-doors which she loved, and which hang in our home.

As a writer she far excelled many who have become distinguished in literary work. Her letters to me, wherever I might happen to be, are classics of letter writing. Her stories and articles and poems which she has published in The Liberalist have attracted much attention. I plan to make a selection of them and publish them as a memorial volume. They are worthy of permanency.

In the very last year of her life she was honored by being made an honorary member of the National Society of Arts and Letters. When the notification of this honor arrived at her hospital room it pleased her greatly.

Her literary and artistic ability were all impregnated with an attribute of character which sometimes is lacking in lesser people. She was a true aristocrat. Excellency in every area of life was as natural to her as mediocrity and cheapness is to many people. She stayed persistently in the presence of the best. Her conversation, her dress, her manners, her life, all revealed the nobility of her soul. In all these years I have never had anything but cooperation, understanding, inspiration and love.

She loved every beautiful thing in art, in the theatre, and in the church,

while many of us will never forget the memorable performance which she gave with our own Uptown Players of a part in the play "Old Lady Thirty-One." She might have had a career in the theatre. But none of these things meant more to her than maintaining a home for those she loved.

Denied motherhood herself, early in our marriage she became the Little Mother to others who grew to love her as their very own.

One of the last things she was able to do in the hospital was to plan her garden for this summer at Arden. Jimmie, whom she had mothered and loved for many years, came to her room, sat down beside her on the bed and she drew a plan of her garden and where she wanted various flower seeds to be planted. She will never see that garden in life, but the garden is being planted just as she planned it. Her beloved delphiniums and asters and marigolds and pansies (for she loved old-fashioned flowers) will all bloom in her honor and each one will carry a message of love across the invisible boundary to her.

And now we must pick up the threads of life and go back to the loom and weave out the remaining fabric of the years without her; but the pattern will be more lovely and the colors will be more beautiful because of her. I tremble to think what my life and work might have been had she never been a part of them.

I close this imperfect and inadequate tribute with a little verse of her own selection, contained in one of our favorite anthologies of poetry. She had written the word "Lovely" in pencil beside it:

The Calm of Silent Things
Alice Sprague

Let the sweet influence
Of all growing things penetrate my being

Mrs. Bradley in front of the fireplace at Arden.

And heal the wounds about my soul;
Let me lie close to their hearts
And hide my weary head beneath their tender shade;
Let the sweet movement of their waving stems
Soothe my tired nerves.
And let the dear field hold me within itself;
Let me hear its many thoughts,
That my understanding may be quickened,
For I would learn the peace and calm
Of all these silent things.

"OLD FASHIONED GARDEN"

I

How like a garden life may be if we make it so.

Let it be an old-fashioned garden, with a variety of sweet, old-fashioned flowers.

For after all, folks haven't changed much, when it comes to love and happiness.

II

There must be blossoms of gladness, bright ones of cheer, some yellow to hold golden hopes; lovely pink ones where fair dreams are nestled.

III

Some flowers for friendships and memories dear.

Some with a bit of spice; some where a tear may be hidden like a drop of dew (Just a very little of that will do in time of need.)

IV

A garden must have a path leading out into fair fields, and a garden wall for protection, if the path should perchance lead one through a darkened space.

V

Let there be a place in the garden where one may go for quiet thought and happy dreams.

Let there be a border all around of sympathetic understanding, and there love will be sure to grow into the faithful everlasting that the frosts of winter will not harm.

VI

It's not the vow that's spoken; nor the sunny sky above;
But the hearts where life will always sing the melody of love.

Mrs. Preston Bradley

To take into one's heart and life some of the joy of birdsong, the nobility of trees, the beauty of flowers, the grandeur of the sky—is to strengthen, to ennoble, to purify. To have companionship with the great out-of-doors is to know God!

Grace Thayer Bradley

Dr. Bradley dug into the "good earth," breaking the ground for the church to be built. . . . Finally The Peoples Church was a reality in brick and stone, that had long been the dream in our hearts.

The Peoples Church is an honored name—the pulpit is a voice—a voice whose influence spreads over every state in the union and farther—into foreign lands—a voice rising from a heart unchanged with the years—always true, honest and humble—his ideas broadened, his vision clearer, his ideals more spiritual; the same warmth in his smile and handclasp that has ever been characteristic of this man who is loved and respected by people in all walks of life and with a multitude of friends. . . .

In closing I can only pray God bless him and give him strength to carry on the work He has given him to do—and give him to us who love him for a long, long time to come!

Grace Thayer Bradley